

LASH

For the Parable-Makers, Under the Allegory of *APES* and *MONKEYS*.



NAY then, cry'd one Grave *Pug* to another, why may not the *Monkeys* and *Apes* be allow'd to prate and chatter as well as the *Bulls* and the *Bears*, and the *Mastiff-Curs*? I know no reason at all ag'nst it, quo' the t'other *Pug*; for of all Beasts under the Sun, a *Monkey* is the nearest Resemblance of Man, and the greatest Imitator of his Actions. 'Tis very true, Brother *Pug*, quo' the first *Monkey*, I have heard 'em call one another *Ape's-Faces*, and *Monkey-Faces*, and twit one another with their *Monkey-Tricks* a thousand times. And, by my Troth, under the Rose be it spoken, I think there are some of 'em, and those not a few, greater Imitators of *Us* than we are of *Them*: For as Worms in their Tongues make Puppies mad; so Maggots i' their Pates make Men Apish. By the Bones of my deceased Mother *Dame Quinaude*, there 'tis then, cry'd the second *Pug*; for I have been a great Looker of Mens Heads i' my time; and as I can see through a Millstone as far as another; I have peep'd into their Skulls, and have seen Worms crawling i' their Brains as

long as my Tail. But all this while, I am of opinion, that these sort of Men are wiser than we; for who among us can pretend to Knowledge, and Learning, and Philosophy, nay, and Divinity too, as they do? That's for want of Education, Brother *Pug*, quo' the first *Monkey*. I am a Dog of a *Monkey* if I don't believe, that if I had been bred at the *Versity*, as they call it, I could have strutted it as conceitedly as some of these Parable-Mongers that I have observ'd about the Streets. Preferment and Education alter the *Monkey* as well as the Man: And therefore when our Brother *Jack-anapes* came to be prefer'd to be Gentleman-Usher to the *Bears*, he became his Horse as well as some Knights. Now then, Brother *Pug*, you cannot but know there are a great number of *Apes* and *Monkeys* about this Town, under several Masters and Mistresses here and there, that chatter any thing for Bread; and therefore do thee but go and set up a Coffee-House in some eminent Street of the City, (I'll warrant thee Custom enough) and then thou shalt see whether we have lost the strength of our Imaginations or no. By the *Mas*, Brother *Pug*, quo' the second *Monkey*, I like your Advice; for there's good Profit

to be got by a Coffee-House amongst our Brother Monkeys, if I can keep my Brethren from breaking my Pipes and Dishes; and I long to be one of your Rich Monkeys: I have known some of your Rich Monkeys have come to be Masters of their Companies. But have my Brethren any Money in their Pockets? Oh——never fear it, quo' the first Pug; did you never hear of Ape's Money? 'Tis such as your *Alfaria-Men* pay their Creditors with.

The second Pug thus inflated with his Brother's Encouragements, presently got him a House, furnish'd it with Tobacco-Pipes, Dishes, and Wax-Candles, Coffee, Tea, Mum, Ale, &c. and then set up his Sign with this Motto on the one side, *Aujourd'hui Seigneurs, demain Singe*——on the other, *Tout passe par ses Tripes, comme par le Cul du Singe*.

And now to see the luck on't; no sooner had he open'd his Doors, but in comes a *Spruce Monkey*, and call'd for the *News-Letter*; where he had not read above a dozen Lines, but he was follow'd by a *Black Monkey*, with a little plain Band, who clapping down just against the *Spruce Monkey*, This Coffee-Monkey, quo' he, must certainly have a great Trade, if all the Monkeys, Apes, and Baboons i'th Town resort to his House. If they don't, quo' the *Spruce Monkey*, they are very disobliging to one of their own kind.

Ludolphus Hist. Ethiop. l. 1. c. 10. do to engage the *Cercopitheculi*; for tho' they are altogether like us in Shape, yet they are quite of another

Temper, and vary from us both in Conditions and Opinions. We are, as all the World knows, Wicked and Mischievous, to the Perdition of all that comes near us; they Gentle and Harmless; and for the Beauty of their outward Shape, and Integrity of their inward good Qualities, highly care'd and taken care of by their Great Master and Preserver *Augustus*. But let the *Cercopitheculi* go where they please; there are certainly *Apes* and *Monkeys* enough to do one *Monkey's* Business. Well, Sir, quo' the *Black Monkey*, (*viz.* one of the wicked *Blackbirds*) What d'ye hear of News from our Chief Master the great *French Ape*? Is the *Monkey Tyrconnel* landed in *Ireland*, with Succours from the great *French Baboon*, as they say he is?

Rot these Baboons of News-Mongers, quo' the *Spruce Monkey*; they say nothing as yet of the matter, and yet to my knowledge they have a Salary from us Apes and Monkeys, to

write the News in favour of the *French Ape*. *Cudds Fifth*, these Baboons of News-mongers have not the right stroke at invention; I'd be bound to be chok'd with rotten Figs, if I did not make more and better every hour of the day. I'll forfeit my Tail close to my Buttocks, if I don't raise a Hundred Thousand Men on one side, and a Hundred Thousand a t'other, and make which Party I please get the Victory, in ten Minutes and three Seconds. Here's a do indeed with Winter Quarters and Campaigns——when they're out ye can hardly get 'em in again; and when they're in ye can hardly get 'em out again; and thus they spend the Winter and Summer to little or no purpose. Ask for the *Gazette*, and every body cries, there's nothing in't, but Hue and Cries after lost Horses, Grey Hounds, and Lap-Dogs. I'd have nothing, *Lippis & Tonswibus notum*, but still *Fresh and New, Fresh and New*, as *May-Butter* out of the Churn.

With that, *Fresh and New!* quo' a two-handed *Baboon*, that sat at the upper end of the Table, wrapt up in Smoke, like *Ixion* in a Cloud, why, I'll undertake to tell ye all the News of this next Year before hand——In March the Great *French Baboon* will pour into *Ireland* an Army of Forty Thousand of his choicest Baboons; and upon the 1st of April his Fleet will put to Sea, and if they find the *Cercopitheculi* out before, then they'll go in again. In May the *French Baboons* will regain *Ireland*; and in June the *French Ape* shall land either at *Lyme* or *Melcomb*, and sweep all before him, like an Ostrer's Broom. For to my certain knowledge, the Emperour is resolved to make a Peace with the Great *French Baboon*, and then the Confederates may go whistle——Nay, if this Frost hold long enough, I question, my dear Brethren of the long Tail, whether *Amsterdam* and the *Hague* be so safe as they think they are——Which put the Apes and Monkeys into such a fit of Exultation, that they fell a chattering as if they'd had a Coster-Monger's Basket before 'em.

But tho' the House were not so well filled at the first opening, you may be sure at their next meeting it was crowded like a Play-House upon the Poets day. Thither came the *Pas-sive Obedience Monkeys*, and the *Non-Resistance Monkeys*; who at first seem'd to be very friendly, shook hands together, and were glad to meet one another, till at length, by an unlucky Chance, and the Industry of the *Black Monkeys*, who favour'd the great *French Ape*, the rest of the Apes and Monkeys having no more Reason than such kind of Creatures show

should have, they were so distracted with *Passive Obedience* and *Non Resistance* on the one hand, and the Obligations of *Annihilated Oaths* on the other, that they all became Apostates to their own Interest, and gave themselves over to the Delusions of the Black Monkeys with that violence, that when one of the Black Monkeys, who had been in great Reverence and Esteem among them, fell off, and asserted *Non-Resistance*, and Lawfulness of Oaths to a *Prince in Possession*, they expell'd him the Coffee-House, or if he came in among 'em, entertain'd him with nothing but Mopps and Mows after their manner, which put the Apes and the Monkeys into such Heats and Quarrels among themselves, that they did nothing but throw *Vindications*, *Replies*, and *Remarks* at one anothers Heads for half a year together. One little Ape there was that set a couple of Weasels upon the *Black Monkey*, which had done him more mischief than they did, but that they were encountred with two *Anti-Weasels*; so that the *Cercopitheculi* had enough to do to hold their sides, and laugh at the terrible Combats of *Monkeys* against *Monkeys*, and *Weasels* against *Weasels*, and all for a Rice-Pudding of *Passive Obedience* and *Non Resistance*.

At another Table sat the *Rapparee Monkeys*; who having receiv'd a late foyl in a Contest with the *Cercopitheculi*, one cry'd, he was meerly drawn in; another cry'd, his Paw was, set to the Petition against his consent; Cuds Fish, cry'd another, were it to do again, I'd do it: What, shall we lose our Priviledges! I'd fain know what we got by our Petitioning, cry'd another? Cry'd the other, we kept Peoples Tongues from lying idle i'their Mouths; and we pursu'd our Nature, which is still to be doing Mischief. Upon which, up stept a Reverend Baboon, and, Come, Brothers, quo' he, Fame's Fame, whether it be good or bad. *Heroftratus* had never liv'd till now in our Memoirs, but for burning the Temple of *Ephesus*, as I learnt when I went to *Paul's School*. For my part, I am well satisfied, that we have occasion'd the spoiling Paper enough in single Sheeted Remark. that will serve all the young Monkeys i'th Town to make Paper Kites of, whereby our Names will be advanced to the Skies: which, if the Poets don't lie, is one of the great Rewards of Honour; at least we shall be quarter'd i'th next Chronicle, and that's

better than, *Here lieth the Body of such one, in a Nasty Church-Yard.*

But this Discourse was interrupted by a She-Monkey of a *Mercury*, that cry'd about the *Coffee-House*, the *Restor'd Maidenhead*. Presently cry'd one of the Monkeys, Sister, let me see your *Restor'd Maidenhead*; and smelling to the Tittle, surely, quo' he, this *Monkey* of a *Writer* must ride in his Coach and Eight Horses, if he can but perform what he says. What would not some She-Monkeys about this Town give to have their Maidenheads restor'd, that they might lose 'em as often. By the Tears of my sweet Mother of happy Memory, cry'd another Monkey, 'twas more than all the Gods in *Ovid* durst ever attempt, for fear of failing; they only turn'd their deslow'd Mistresses, when they bewail'd their Losses, into Trees and Flowers. Truly, quo' the She Monkey, if I have any skill, this Quack of a *Monkey*, I fear me, has undertaken more than he can perform, and as I hear, his Receipt gives offence too. Nay then, quo' another Monkey that sat by, let our dear Brother take heed it does not fare with him, as it did with the-Monkey that wou'd needs be imitating the Log-Cleaver; for that Monkey, while the Fellow was gone to dinner, cleft on so long, that the first Wedge that kept open the Wood fell out, at the same time that the Monkey's Foot slipt in; so that the two Pieces closing again, put the poor Monkey to those dismal Lamentations as brought out the Log-Cleaver, who, seeing the officious Pug in that distress, This ye get, Sirrah, quo' he, for meddling with that y'have nothing to do withal. Ah, Master, Master, could this Monkey of a *Writer* but do as he says, I'd give him more Money than ever he had for his Copy, as poor as I am, for a Daughter of my own that has had a Mischance.

So soon as the She-Monkey was gone, up starts the first Monkey; quo' he, I told ye at first, that Men call us Monkeys, but we believe them to be as much Monkeys as our selves. For I would fain know, *Cui Bonis* was this *Restor'd Maidenhead Written*? If it were for the General Benefit of the Female Republick, I know not what to say to it; in regard it may be presum'd the Female Republick has need enough of such a Project: But if it were only to make sport, and create laughter, and consequently to get Money, 'tis no more than

one of us Monkeys could have done: Besides, that Female Honour is too tender a thing to be expos'd to the rude Blasts of publick Satyrs. But letting this pass, I have got another thing here in my Pouch, which makes me believe there is some sudden Change in the World at hand. Here's a thing call'd, *The Parable of the Bear-Garden*.

By the Mafs, quo' a *Senior Pug*, that listned to the *First Monkey's* Speech, I tremble to think on't. For if Man be transmured thus into Bulls and Bears, and Mastiffs, and Lap-Dogs, what will they turn us Monkeys into? There's no fear of that, quo' another Monkey; for there is no Creature under the Skie that will so well fit our Nature as our own selves. But as for Men, they had rather a great many of 'em be Beasts as they are, than what they were created. And therefore what said *Gryllus* in *Plutarch* to *Ulysses*, when he came to intreat *Circe* to restore the *Grecians* she had chang'd into Swine, to their Original Form? *Gryllus* told *Ulysses*, he was a Coxcomb to come thither about such a Fool's Errand; for that he and his Companions were well contented with their condition, and that for his part he had rather continue a Swine, and wallow in the Mire, than be King of *Ithaca*. And therefore who knows, in regard the World is in a perpetual posture of change, whether the World is not to undergo the same changes again which it has done already: For first the Men spoke, and then the Beasts and Birds spoke, then the Men spoke again, and now the Beasts and the Birds a second time. But the Fish never spoke in this World; for which reason it is said, *As mute as a Fish* (and therefore by the way, I condemn the *Parable of the Shark and the Herring-Pond* to the Father of Lies) However 'tis well the limits of the Bear-Garden are so spaciouly extended. For whereas there was before but one Jackanapes a Horse-back, there may be now occasion for a Hundred; and so there's more room for Preferment among us.

While the Monkeys were thus descanting upon the *Parable of the Bear-Garden*, in comes a bold *Cercojitheculus*; Gentlemen,

quo' he, I have heard your discourse upon the *Parable of the Bear-Baiting*: But what think you of the *Parable of the Magpies*? 'twas the Invention, they say, of a Monkey of a Bookfeller; a Meager fowl'd Monkey, with a Countenance like a fow's'd Hogs-Face, looking as if he never eat a good Meals Meat in his life, but had always liv'd upon Penny-Porringers of *Scalding-Alley* Mutton-Broth; who because he lives at the Sign of the Raven, thinks he may take the liberty to croak over the Reputation of all Men. Upon this, one of the more serious Monkeyes, in a sullen tone, Of all the Birds that fly, I love Magpies, quo' he, because they are so roguish and unlucky like our selves (for which we are call'd Wits amongst the Beasts, by a modern Wit amongst the Men) and therefore no fit Emblems to reproach the Reverence due to that Sacred Order which seems thereby to be reflected on. There's your mistake, cry'd another Monkey; 'tis not for their unlucky tricks so much as for their White Breasts, and White Slips upon their Wings, that the Monkey of a Bookfeller made use of Magpies. With that the *Cercojitheculus* putting in, Did he so, quo' he, then hang up the Monkey of a Bookfeller, with his Parable about his Neck, for abusing the decent Habits of a Sacred Order. No, no, replied one of the Monkeyes, 'tis enough he is so well known to be one of our number; and besides, he is so very covetous that he will abuse any body for the prospect of getting Sixpence;

Quando dolosi spes refulerit nummi.

Such Magpies as these will speak Parables at any time. 'Tis in fashion now a days, because People are not to be named, to make pleasant Satyrs upon 'em, under the Shapes and Characters of Beasts and Birds. Thus you shall hear a Parrot call the Mistress and the Maids Whores, and the Master of the House Knave; and the thing perhaps may be true—Yet because a Parrot only speaks it, no body regards it; and therefore being a new Mode, and the Humour taking, Men must bear their Crosses with Silence and Patience.

These Two Parables have begot several others of lesser Note, as one Street-Boxer of two great Boobies, sets all the little Pys a Cuffing. But here's enough for one line.